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WHAT I FIND IN WORK

The most satisfying interest in my life, books and friends and beauty aside, is work - plain hard steady work. And it is what more than anything I know gives a fillip to books and friends and beauty. As I have been at it for fifty five of my seventy ^{nine} years I feel that I have given it a fair trial.

What do I get out of it?

I have no illusions about its nature. If work ^{is} to be productive, that is give the worker something he can exchange for the needed or wanted products of other ^{workers} ~~writers~~ it is no sinecure. It carries with it fatigue, disappointment, failure, sacrifice, revolts. I have never in my life undertaken a fresh piece of work that I have not been obliged to take myself by the scruff of the neck and sit myself at my desk and keep my hand on the scruff until my revolt had subsided. ~~That is,~~ ~~I have no illusions about the difficulties in steady work.~~ If there was nothing in ^{it} but the fruits of barter ^{work} ~~personally~~ I would rather trust myself to the road. On the road you can at least go South in winter or North in summer.

But the ability to barter is the least of its satisfactions, necessary as that may be, great as may be the

sense of dignity and self-respect which a ^{worker} writer gets from being what we call economically independent, joyous as may be the fun of having money to spend, to give, to waste maybe.

High, perhaps at the top in the satisfactions work gives is the sense that you are keeping in step with the nature of things. That may sound esoteric, but it is plain fact. This is a working universe. So far as we know it has been that since the beginning of things. There is no spot in it which stands still. Every star is on the move. Such a reliable universe, too; every planet in its place doing its task; every eclipse on the minute.

Here on earth everything works - the grain of sand - the oaks - the clouds - work, and incessantly change^{ing} passing from one form to another - nothing dies as a fact. The earth tolerates no dead beats. It keeps everything busy. If it did not it would be out of step in the universe where it travels so steadily year in and out, never behind hand, never off the track, sunrise and sunset, moonrise and moonset always on schedule.

If I am to be happy in this steady-working world I must be in harmony with its nature; I must work, too, otherwise I'll suffer ~~that~~ discomfort ² that uneasiness akin to that which comes to ^{me} when in walking we can't ² keep step with our ^{my} companion, when in talking we can't ² follow the argument - catch the meaning, ^{when} in singing are off key. ^{and} There is a vast unhappiness in this world inexplicable to those it afflicts which comes from idleness in a working world. They ^{are} as self-destructive as a

star ~~would be~~ which announced that it was going to stand still for an aeon or two.

What the idler fails to understand is the beauty of rhythm, the beauty and the excitement of being in his place in the endless chain of ~~that motion~~ creative motion ~~which~~ ^{it is} which is the essential nature of this magnificent and incomprehensible universe, ~~in which we have our place.~~

There is no mystification about this. It is as plain a fact ~~as anything we know~~ and we ignore it to the destruction of our peace of mind, if not to the peril of our lives. It is one of the factors in our situation on earth which must be accepted. ~~There are such factors.~~ Margaret Fuller Ossoli once announced loftily and a little condescendingly that she accepted the ^{universe} ~~universe~~. "She better," commented Ralph Waldo Emerson. We better, or the first thing we know the world will spew us out of its mouth as the universe does a revolting star, breaking it to fragments doomed eternally to cruise wildly through space, one or more occasionally colliding with a planet burying itself deep in its surface - meteors we call them. They are pieces (probably!) of a star that tried to get out of doing ~~the~~ work assigned it.

Work means health. The very urges of our bodies show that nature expects action of us if we are to be in health. From the time we kick our heels and ^{try} ~~our~~ lungs ⁱⁿ ~~are~~ being released from our mother's womb we cry for work. Watch the child - never still. It is obeying the order of nature to keep busy. And how soon that business is under the direction of the mind which

best in festival

feeters itself as early as the muscles, ordering them to do the things it thinks of. How defeated and restless the child which is not doing something in which it sees a purpose - a meaning. How defeated and unsatisfied the child for whom a stupid parent attempts to replace what it is attempting to make by something which can be bought - the equally stupid teacher who attempts to tell the child what to make and how to make it when it is ^{struggling} studying with a concept of its own, trying to work it out in its own way.

It is by its self-directed activity that the child as years pass finds its work, the thing it wants to do, was made to do for which ^{it} finally is willing to deny itself pleasure, ease, even sleep and comfort and in such work comes perhaps the deepest of all the satisfactions of work - the consciousness that you are growing, the realization that gradually there is more skill in your fingers and your mind; they do not drop so many stitches, break so many dishes, spoil so much wood or steel, misspell so many words, botch so many sermons, poems, books. If you work steadily, persistently, with a conviction of the worthiness of effort, its necessity, if you are to be in harmony with the nature of things you grow, ^{and} with growth comes satisfaction of new kinds. Your work fits in with the work of others - it is not lost - it supplements, adds, and you see yourself as one admitted and recognised in the field where you belong. Fresh stimulus - new outlooks - richer experiences -

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A You do more. You make discoveries, see possibilities in your task others have not seen, pick up hints of that which might be done to give fresh impetus to your job. By giving yourself freely to your work you become a creator *g*

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suggesting new techniques, new machines, *you* finding new magic in words, new arrangement of facts and thoughts. Here lies the worker's salvation when the road he has been following suddenly ends - the factory, the shop, the office closes. The worker who realizes that he has something to do with the making of new work when the old ends does not sit down by the roadside and cry for some one to take down the barriers, he strikes across the open fields, chops a path through the woods, seizes any odd job he spies, labors to set his own notions in operation.

H Thousands of men and women *have* will come out of the ~~present~~ Depression with a larger sense of the nature of work and their obligation to create it and keep it going because thrown out they refused to beg it - set about to make it. They have learned the fundamental truth that the creative force in work must be constantly exercised by all, never checked or tampered with if work is to be kept abundant, if its worn-out forms are to be constantly replaced with those which are higher, finer, more productive.

WV B

come from associations from the sense of being part of something worth while. Now you know yourself to be finally a part of that working world which produces sound things for sound purposes.

But work does more for you. It is the chief protection we have in suffering, despair, disillusionment, fear. There is no antedote to mental and spiritual uncertainty and pain like a regular job. It is, too, the path we must follow if we are to discharge those obligations inherent in that succession of lives which nature orders. There is our obligation to the child which arrives into the world unconscious of what it is all about and which looks to us to open a way, to the youth who must find by testing. We can give only what we have proved, but it is blessed to have something to give which we believe we have proved.

Here then is my philosophy of work - the reasons why after fifty five years of unbroken trial I find it satisfying. It is something which reaches the deepest needs, something which helps reconcile the baffling mystery of the universe, helps establish order in a disorderly society, which puts despair to sleep, gives experience to offer that youth ^{who} which is willing to believe that you too once were young and ^{had his} problems, gives a platter of fruit - small though it may be - to divide with those who for one or another reason have no fruit on their platter.

Blessed work. I know nothing which better justifies itself. ^WBrowning is right:-

"Get work. ^WIt is better than what you work to get."

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TO OUR QUESTION:

What Interests You Most in This Cosmopolitan World of Today?



Ida M. Tarbell

Author of "Life of Abraham Lincoln"

answers



Among her blessings
Ida M. Tarbell num-
bers plain hard work.



WORK

THE MOST satisfying interest in my life, books and friends and beauty aside, is work—plain hard steady work. It is for work—books and friends and beauty again aside—that I shall be most grateful on Thanksgiving Day of 1936. As I have been at it for fifty-six of my seventy-nine years, I feel that I have given it a fair trial.

What do I get out of it?

I have no illusions about its nature. If work is to be productive—that is, give the worker something he can exchange for the products of other workers—it is no sinecure. It carries with it fatigue, disappointment, failure, revolt.

I have never in my life undertaken a fresh piece of work that I have not been obliged to take myself by the scruff of the neck and seat myself at my desk and keep my hand on the scruff until my revolt had subsided. That is, I know the difficulties in steady work. If there was nothing in it but the fruits of barter, I would rather trust myself to the road. On the road you can at least go South in winter and North in summer.

But the ability to barter is the least of work's satisfactions, necessary as that may be, great as may be the sense of dignity which a worker gets from being economically independent, joyous as may be the fun of having money to spend, to give, perhaps to waste.

Highest, perhaps, in the satisfactions work gives is the sense that you are keeping in step with the nature of things. That may sound esoteric, but it is plain fact. This is a working universe. So far as we know, it has been that since the beginning of things. There is no spot in it which stands still. Every star is on the move. Such a reliable universe, too: every planet in its place, doing its task; every eclipse on the minute.

Here on earth everything works—the grain of sand, the oaks, the clouds—works and incessantly changes, passing from one form to another, for nothing dies as a fact. The earth tolerates no dead beats; it keeps everything busy. If it did not it would be out of step in the universe in which it travels year in and out, never behindhand, never off the track—sunrise and sunset, moonrise and moonset always on schedule.

If I am to be happy in this steady-working world I must work, too; otherwise I'll suffer discomfort, uneasiness akin to that which comes to me when in walking I cannot keep step with my companion, when in talking I cannot follow the argument or catch the meaning, when in singing I am off key.

There is a vast unhappiness, inexplicable to those it afflicts, which comes

from idleness in a working world. The idle are self-destructive as would be a star which announced that it was going to stand still for an eon or two.

What the idler fails to understand is the beauty of rhythm, the beauty and the excitement of being in his place in the endless chain of creative motion which is the essential nature of this magnificent and incomprehensible universe.

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Margaret Fuller Ossoli once announced loftily that she accepted the universe. "She better," commented Ralph Waldo Emerson. We better, or the first thing we know the world will spew us out of its mouth as the universe does a revolting star, breaking it to fragments doomed eternally to cruise through space. Fragments occasionally collide with a planet, burying themselves in its surface—meteorites, we call them. They are pieces (probably!) of a star that tried to get out of work assigned it.

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ticking—like a clock. It seemed to me I remembered somebody like that."

He paused a moment. Chris bent forward. "But who?" he pleaded. "You found out, didn't you, Wat?"

"Wait, son. We're simply working this out again, just to be sure. Two nights later I remembered. I was thinking of Buenos Aires, and suddenly it clicked." Wyatt's hand tightened into a fist. "The owner of the yacht that rescued Geoff and me at Murros Island—Peter Furnoy."

"That's right," corroborated Geoff.

"Was it some crazy coincidence?" Wyatt went on. "The more I thought about it, the less I thought so. Geoff and I were attacked in that café shortly after we met Furnoy."

"He was there when Wat was muttering in his fever," Geoff said quickly. "Fortune Arms. Wat couldn't get it off his mind. It must have made Furnoy suspicious, on top of finding us at Murros Island. He had us investigated, watched—he must have discovered that we were Leighs. And then that gang was turned loose on us. You can wager your last bob if he thinks we're close we can look out for ourselves again."

"With that new lead," Wyatt said, "I tried Sir Hubert Townley again. I did not want the whole list of stockholders—thousands of names. I wanted to see if Peter Furnoy was connected with the Fortune interests, and I had the craziest hunch that it was exactly what the governor had wanted to know to confirm his own suspicions. Sir Hubert was willing enough to give me that information."

Wyatt's mouth curved into a little smile. "Peter Furnoy, I discovered, had considerable holdings in both Fortune and Fortune-Smithies. Sir Hubert told me more. Mr. Furnoy is a yachtsman, traveler and big game hunter. And shortly before the governor's death he was often mentioned in social notes because he was escorting a titled Englishwoman about a good deal—Lady Mary Downall of Compton Brooks, Surrey."

Chris looked at Wyatt uncertainly.

"That hardly seems like the right man, Wat," he said doubtfully. "I—gad, it seems almost incredible. I'm not trying to put obstructions in your way, old chap, but why should a man like that be interested in dropping in at an old chapel and picking up old Crump's lecture?"

Wyatt nodded. "I know. Rod and I wondered the same thing at first."

"We tried to put ourselves in his place," said Rodman. "Suppose the governor had succeeded in connecting up a name and a face and a motive and hung them around Furnoy's neck. In preparing to reopen his case, the governor was sitting on something explosive. How much did he know? How could he be stalled? Furnoy might have been desperate enough to find out. He might have called at the Hall to talk with the governor. Suppose the governor refused to see him."

He waved a hand. "I can see Furnoy on that day which happened to be a visitors' afternoon using the freedom of the place to hang around, wait, think—and drift into the chapel with the rest of the crowd. And"—Rodman Leigh's voice nearly broke—"hearing that sentimental old codger Mr. Crump lecture on a way to gain access to the Hall."

Again they were silent, as the scene Rod had visualized burned itself into their brains. A man desperately anxious to know Sir Loring's plans standing in an old chapel, respectfully bareheaded—suddenly seeing the chance he needed.

Then Wyatt spoke again. "Geoff was able to fill in some chinks. He discovered that Palmer Cherrington had conferred in India with a Fortune agent about an important arms shipment. We think, Chris, that the man who manipulated that would of necessity be the man who had to stop the governor."

"It seems to me," Geoff said swiftly, "that Furnoy could be the same Fortune agent who was in India. He was in South America, and Loveland must have seen him in Buenos Aires. Loveland knew what that meant—some kind of Fortune business. And when an outbreak came, Loveland wasn't a bit surprised. He'd seen the storm signal. Somebody ought to have worn a bell, he told Lynn. Tinkle, tinkle—here comes bloodshed." The man behind the mess at Jerishtawbi.

Rodman lighted a cigaret and exhaled a long stream of smoke through thin quivering nostrils. "Right!" he said emphatically. "The man has to be built for it. Subtle, ruthless, conscienceless, ambitious—and it all must be a thrilling game for him. Furnoy is enormously rich. He's a prominent yachting enthusiast—hell, he was at the regattas at the Isle of

Wight when the governor must have tagged him."

He laughed shortly. "The arms that have to be run are a very small item in the amount of stuff he must sell, but it gives a daring tang to the game and it leads to trouble—and profits. The man's a hunter who doesn't miss a trick, a cold-brained, brilliant representative of one of the great armament firms of the world, if I'm any judge."

"I wish we knew where he was," said Chris thoughtfully.

"There are several holes in our case," Wyatt said grimly. "All we have is our convictions. We have to go carefully for a while if it kills us." He looked at Chris. "One wrong move from us, and God knows if we'll ever get to the real truth."

"The man, as we see him, is clever, powerful, dangerous. He has the resources of a great corporation behind him. He has his own private organization, probably. And he has his ruthless brain." He gripped Christopher's shoulder. "We can't give him warning," he said in a low voice. "That was the governor's mistake! Surprise him when we're ready to act. That's our only chance."

Chris was silent a long moment. "Right you are," he said finally. "I won't crab things before the barrier goes up."

Wyatt smiled. "Of course you won't. Have you found out anything about Cherrington?"

"I've met him. He and his wife entertain a lot. I went with the Blairs to a party at Bankshea Plantation. That's his estate. Mrs. Cherrington is away now. He is still there with a small party of guests, I understand."

"Loveland will be going there soon," said Rod. "We'll watch his movements. Until then—easy does it. If he knew the four of us were here, the pot would be spilled. Loveland has to cinch this for us."

They were ready to watch and wait, and if there was a break from heaven, there would be action—action centering around the results of Loveland's interview with Palmer Cherrington. Geoffrey Leigh was conscious of a sick feeling.

From now on everything that happened would make things worse, more impossible, more final. Lynn Cherrington riding along with them as they watched her home with a glint in their eyes as in eyes behind the sights of a rifle!

Next Month—the gallant sons of Sir Loring Leigh find, at great cost, the end of their long, long trail

Work by Ida M. Tarbell (Continued from page 19)

we kick our heels and try our lungs on being released from our mother's womb we cry for work. Watch the child—never still. It is obeying the order of nature to keep busy.

How defeated and restless the child that is not doing something in which it sees a purpose, a meaning. It is by its self-directed activity that the child, as years pass, finds its work, the thing it wants to do and for which it finally is willing to deny itself pleasure, ease, even sleep and comfort.

In such work comes perhaps the deepest of all work's satisfactions: the consciousness that you are growing, the realization that gradually there is more skill in your fingers and your mind. If you work steadily, persistently, with a conviction of the necessity of effort if you are to be in harmony with the nature of things, you grow.

You do more. By giving yourself freely to your work you become a creator suggesting new techniques, new machines, finding new magic in words, new arrangements of facts and thoughts.

Here lies the worker's salvation when the road he has been following suddenly ends—when the factory, the shop, the office closes. The worker who realizes that he has something to do with the making of new work when the old ends does not sit down by the roadside and cry for someone to take down the barriers. He strikes across the open fields, chops a path through the woods, seizes any odd job he spies, labors to set his own notions in operation.

Thousands of men and women have done that in these last difficult seven years, and are coming to Thanksgiving Day blessing the Lord for their larger sense of the nature of work, their obligation to create it, keep it going. Thrown out, they refused to beg it—they set about to make it.

They have learned a fundamental truth—that the creative force in work must be constantly exercised, never checked or tampered with, if work is to be kept abundant, if its wornout forms are to be constantly replaced with those which are higher, finer, more productive.

With growth and creation come satisfactions of new kinds. Your work fits in with the work of others. You know yourself to be finally a part of that working world which produces sound things for sound purposes.

But work does more for you. It is the chief protection you have in suffering, despair, disillusionment, fear. There is no antidote to mental and spiritual uncertainty and pain like a regular job.

Here, then, is my philosophy of work—the reasons why after fifty-six years of unbroken trial I thank God for it. It is something which reaches the deepest needs, helps reconcile the baffling mystery of the universe, helps establish order in a disorderly society; which puts despair to sleep, gives experience to offer that youth who is willing to believe you too once were young and had his problems, gives a platter of fruit—small though it may be—to divide with those who for one or another reason have no fruit on their platter.

Blessed work! There will be no finer fruit on our Thanksgiving table.

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